

A black and white portrait of 2Pac. He is bald, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a black leather vest over a dark shirt. He has several tattoos: a large one on his left arm featuring a lion's head and the word "FATHER", and another on his right arm. He is wearing a gold watch on his left wrist, a gold chain around his neck, and several rings. He is making a hand gesture with his right hand, showing three fingers. He is holding a small object in his left hand.

2PAC



all eyez on me

2Pac Lyrics

"Ambitionz Az A Ridah"

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble!

Now, you know how we do it, like a G
What really go on in the mind of a nigga
that get down for theirs
Constantly, money over bitches
Not bitches over money
Stay on your grind, nigga
My ambitions as a ridah
My ambitions as a ridah

So many battlefield scars while driven in plush cars
This life as a rap star is nothing without guard
Was born rough and rugged, addressing the mass public
My attitude was "fuck it," because motherfuckers love it
To be a soldier, must maintain composure at ease
Though life is complicated, only what you make it to be
Uh, and my ambitions as a ridah
To catch her while she hot and horny, go up inside her
Then I spit some game in her ear, "Go to the telly, hoe!"
Equipped with money in a Benz 'cause, bitch, I'm barely broke
I'm smokin' bomb-ass weed, feeling crucial
From player to player the game's tight, the feeling's mutual
From hustlin' and prayers
To breaking motherfuckers to pay up
I got no time for these bitches, 'cause these hoes try to play us
I'm on a meal ticket mission, want a mill, so I'm wishin'
Competition got me ripped on that bullshit they stressin'
I'ma rhyme though, clown hoes like it's mandatory
No guts, no glory, my nigga, bitch got the game distorted
Now it's on and it's on because I said so
Can't trust a bitch in the business so I got with Death Row
Now these money-hungry bitches gettin' suspicious
Started plottin' and plannin' on schemes to come and trick us
But thug niggas be on point and game tight
Me, Syke and Bogart strapped up the same night
Got problems, then handle it, motherfuckers see me
These niggas is jealous
'Cause deep in they heart they wanna be me
Uh, yeah, and now you got me right beside ya
Hopin' you listen, I catch you payin' attention
To my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me

But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Peep it, it was my only wish to rise
Above these jealous coward motherfuckers I despise
When it's time to ride
I was the first off this side, give me the 9
I'm ready to die right here tonight and motherfuck they life
That's what they screaming as they drill me
But I'm hard to kill (that's all you niggas got?)
So open fire, I see you kill me, witness my steel
Spittin' at adversaries, envious and after me
I'd rather die before they capture me, watch me bleed
Mama, come rescue me, I'm suicidal, thinking thoughts
I'm innocent, so there'll be bullets flyin' when I'm caught
(Shoot!) Fuck doin' jail time, better day, sacrificin'
Won't get a chance to do me like they did my nigga Tyson
Thuggin' for life, and if you right, then nigga die for it
Let them other brothers try, at least you tried for it
When it's time to die, to be a man
And pick the way you leave
Fuck peace and the police, my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

My murderous lyrics
Equipped with spirits of the thugs before me
Pay off the block, evade the cops
'Cause I know they coming for me
I been hesitant to reappear, been away for years
Now I'm back, my adversaries been reduced to tears
Question my methods to switch up speeds
Sure as some bitches bleed
Niggas'll feel the fire of my mother's corrupted seed
Blast me, but they didn't finish, (buck buck buck buck buck)
didn't diminish my powers
So now I'm back to be a motherfuckin' menace, they cowards
That's why they tried to set me up
Had bitch ass niggas on my team, so indeed they wet me up
But I'm back reincarnated, incarcerated
At the time I contemplate the way that God made it
Lace 'em with lyrics that's legendary, musical mercenary
For money I'll have these motherfuckers buried
I been gettin' much mail in jail, niggas tellin' me to kill it
Knowin' when I get out, they gon' feel it
Witness the realest! A hoo-ridah when I put the shit inside
the cry from all your people when they find her
Just remind ya, my history'll prove authentic
Revenge on them niggas that played me
And all the cowards that was down with it
Now it's your nigga right beside ya, hopin' you listenin'
Catch you payin' attention to my ambitions as a ridah

I won't deny it, I'm a straight ridah
You don't wanna fuck with me
Got the police bustin' at me
But they can't do nothin' to a G
Let's get ready to rumble

Thanks to benmaring, forcefedzx for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmar Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"All Bout U"

(feat. Dru Down, Nate Dogg, Outlawz, Snoop Dogg)

[2Pac (Dru Down):]

Ah, yeah! Hahaha (Yeah!)

It's all about you, one time!

(I'ma say it's all about you, baby, yeah!)

Haha, for the bitches that think it's all about you

It's all about you! (This Dru Down in the house

With my boy 'Pizznac, you know what I'm sayin'?)

It's all about you

(Yeah, I'm gon' say it's all about you

But you know I'm lyin' though, hah! Yeah)

[2Pac:]

You probably crooked as the last trick

Want to laugh about how I got my ass caught up

With this bad bitch?

Thinkin' I had her, but she had me in the long run

It's just my luck, I'm stuck with fuckin' with the wrong one

Wise decisions, based on lies we livin'

Scandalous times, this game's like my religion

You could be rollin' with a thug

Instead you with this weak scrub, lookin' for some love

In every club, I see you starin' like you want it

Well, baby, if you got it, better flaunt it

Let the liquor help you get up on it

I'm still tipsy from last night

Bumpin' these walls as I pause, addicted to the fast life

I try to holla, but you tell me you taken

Sayin' you ain't impressed with the money I'm makin'

Guess it's true what they tellin' me

Fresh out of jail, life's hell for a black celebrity

So that's the reason why I call, and maybe you with it

Fantasies of us sweatin', can I hit it?

Addicted to the things you do

But still true what I'm sayin', boo, 'cause this is all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

(Yeah, nigga)

Every other city we go, every other video

(It's all about you)

No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[2Pac:]

I make a promise if you go with me, just let me know

I'll have you hollerin' my name out before I leave

Nobody loves me, I'm a thug nigga

I only hung out with the criminals and drug dealers

I love niggas, 'cause we comin' from the same place
Witness me holla at a hoochie, see how quick the game takes
How can I tell her I'm a playa? And I don't even care
Creep low, weed smoke's in the air
Everywhere I go, it's all about the groupie hoes
Waitin' for niggas at the end of every show
I just seen you in my friend's video
Could never put a bitch before my friends, so here we go
Follow the leader and peep the drama that I'm goin' through
It's all about you, yeah, nigga, it's all about you

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
(Yeah, nigga)
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Hussein Fatal:]

Is you sick from the dick, or is it the flu?
It ain't about you or your bitch-ass crew
Every other city we go and every video
Explain to a nigga why I see the same shitty ho
You think it's all about you? Well, boo
I gets down like Dru, and my nasty new niggas, too

[Yaki Kadafi:]

You couldn't hold me back, it'd take a fatter track
A lyrical attack, perhaps, it was a visual bluff
When I started to snap all your rode 'em swoll
Straight in control, flows'll fold, while hoes cold stroll
Hold the set, I told Dramacy' go in next
Gold diggin', cold diggin' a gold Rolex

[Hussein Fatal:]

I slide in easily, try a grizzly
Sluts know the cuts, I came to fuck, try skeezin' me
Runnin' up in ya just like Bruce Jenner when I bend ya
At the most, I fucked a bitch
From the West Coast to West Virginia

[Nate Dogg (2Pac):]

Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
(It's all about you)
No matter where I go, I see the same ho
Every other city we go, every other video
No matter where I go, I see the same ho

[Snoop Doggy Dogg:]

I'm tellin' ya, it's the same old shit
I mean, goddamn, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm sittin' back, watchin' Montell Jordan video
I see the same bitch who was in my homeboy Nate Dogg video
Then I flip the channel
I'm checkin' out my homeboy 2Pac video
I see the same bitch that was in my video, you knahmsayin'?
And then, you nahmsayin', what make that even mo' fucked up
I'm watchin' a Million Man March
And I see the same bitch, on the Million Man March
That was in the homeboy Warren G video
I mean, damn, everywhere I look
Everywhere I go, I see the same ho'
Don't get mad, I'm only bein' real, yeah

Thanks to d2pwned, andrew_tibbo for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Skandalouz"

(feat. Nate Dogg)

[2Pac:]

Hey Nate you know you got to focus on this motherfucker
We's gonna talk about these scandalous ho

[Nate:]

I can talk about scandalous bitches

[2Pac:]

Oh I know you can!

I know you that's why we gonna do it

Daz on the beat

Hey Daz, nigga stop fuckin around with the piano nigga
Just drop that shit like uh, this here

[2Pac:]

I met you through my homie now you act like you don't know me
So disappointed cause baby that shit was so phony
It's not for me, you see no lovin from my closest homies
Woulda paid you no mind, but baby you was all up on me
While you proceed with precision, you had the table hosed
No, I ain't mad at you baby, go 'head and play them fools
They chose not to listen, so now he stuck inside his house
And can't leave without his bitch permission
The mission's to be a playa, my alias is Boss
Drop a top on these jealous niggaz, playa let me floss
Y'all don't wanna see me in pain
I'll leave that ass like Toni Braxton, "Never breathing again"
It's scandalous, I never liked your back stabbin ass, trick
Used to watch you money grabbin, who you baggin beeyitch?
Ready to bust, in the city you don't know who to trust
But bitches lookin scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]

How's it hangin? Cause baby from the back the shit is bangin
I've been stressin in this ghetto game, tryin to do my thang
Won't be no bullshit, no ass-kissin
This bitch'll have ya wakin up with all your cash missin
I'm askin, as if I'm qualified to analyze
You're lookin at a bitch who specialize in tellin lies
She got a body make a motherfucker fantasize
Her face ain't never shed a tear through them scandalous eyes
My sister precious in poverty
Plus I knew she was a freak bitch so why should it bother me?
I'd probably be sprung, addicted to the heat of her tongue
And though I don't where we're goin, she's makin me come

I've been trained as a boss playa, so what you sayin?
Let me show you, got some hookers we can toss later
Before I let her get me, I got her
Went in her purse took a hundred dollars
Nigga I'm so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[2Pac:]

Dangerous and ambitious, while schemin on gettin riches
I'm spittin at tricks cause I'm addicted to pretty bitches
Currency motivated, not easily terminated
Now that we made it, my niggaz can never be faded
This is my prophecy -- I gotta be paid
All you cowards that try to stop me is beggin for early graves
I thought we was cool, I was a fool, thinkin you could be true
When I don't fuck with your punk crew
These are the tales for my niggaz doin time in the cell
I went from hell, to livin well
Bustin at niggaz who said my name in vain
I got no time for them tricks, I'm heavy in the game
I wanna be a baller, please
But the bitches and the liquor keep on callin me
I'm floatin free on the highway, formulatin plans
Can't wait til I see L.A., cause it's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg:]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous

[Nate Dogg repeats to end (2Pac speaks over):]

Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
Scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
She's so scandalous. She's so scandalous, she's so scandalous
(Aiiyyo. How the prettiest bitch be the more scandalous the hoe be
You ever peep that shit? (Nah)
A bitch can be like fifteen, fuckin with a nigga 35
Gettin him for ends
Hoes these days is way too motherfuckin intelligent
When these niggaz get to trickin, hahaha, it's over then
That's aight though
Keep a nigga heavy in the game, bout so long
Watch them hoes
All you niggaz out there
Beware these lyin ass scandalous bitches)

2Pac Lyrics

"Got My Mind Made Up"

(feat. Daz, Kurupt, Method Man, Redman)

[Daz Dillinger:]

You find an MC like me who's strong
Leavin' motherfuckers aborted with no verbal support
And when I command the microphone I get deadly as Khan though
With a bear and a snake and a panda, I'm all those
Who can withstand the more power I gain
And make it possible for me to drop a few to wreck your brain
Imagine and keep on wishin' upon a star
Finally realizin' who the fuck we are
When I penetrate, it's been withstandin', faded
Would it be the greatest MC of all time when I created rhyme
For the simple fact, when I attack, I crush your pride
My intention to ride, every time on lye
I'm faced with the scars beyond this one bar
For me to put down my guard, I'm faced what I'ma ride
Breakin' in gas with the '68 all day
In-and-out with my pay, I'm soon to count the bodies

[2Pac:]

So mandatory my elevation, my lyrics like orientation
So you can be more familiar with the nigga you facin'
We must be patient, nothin' better than communication
Known to damage and highly flammable like gas stations
Sorry I left that ass waitin'
No more procrastination, give up to fate and get that ass shakin'
I'm bustin' and makin' motherfuckers panic
Don't take your life for granted
Put that ass in the dirt, you swear the bitch was planted
My lyrics motivate the planet
It's similar to Rhythm Nation, but thugged out, forgive me, Janet
Who's in control, I'm activatin' your souls
You know the way the games get controlled
Yo, two years ago, a friend of mine
Told me Alize and Cristal blows your mind
Bear witness to the dopest fuckin' rhyme I wrote
Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat

[Method Man:]

I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night
I got my mind made up, come on
Get in, get into
Let it ride, tonight's the night

[Kurupt:]

Well I comes through with two packs of the bomb prophylactics
For protection so my fuckin' sac won't collapse
Cause nowadays, shit's evadin' the X-rays

Sendin' young motherfuckers to an early grave
I wonder if my terrifyin' tactics of torturin' MC's
Shows my heart's as cold as the tundra
Electrifyin' like thunder, I'm just too much
Rough and raw with that motherfuckin' poisonous touch
I'm an, MC with lyrics that's the fuckin' Bombay
You got ten steps before instant death like Bai Mei
My rhymes'll leave a mark on your mind
As the deadly virus spread through your head like Sand Palm
There's no escape, nah, I ain't blatin'
I use my mental to assassinate assassin's for those askin'
Opposed to laughin', raw maniacal villain
Laughter enhances the chances of the killin'
Why is that? Cause smilin' faces deceive
You best believe: to MC's, I'm the deadliest disease
My thoughts rip your throat and make it hard to breathe
Your whole camp's under siege and I'm Jason Voorhees
In the heat of the night is when I defeat and ignite mics
My verbal snipe your vocabs on site
I'm out the cut, uncut and raw with no clause for all
So all my rhymes hit and split the bricks on the wall
You already have an idea about the superior sphere
The greater rhyme creator on both sides of the equator
I rock from here to there, to Philly and back
To LA on the spot where I rock and bust like straps
As your views get overshadowed when you come in contact
Beware, set and prepare to enter verbal combat

[Method Man:]

Fuck you losers, while you fake jacks, I makes manoeuvres
Like Hitler, stickin' up Jews with German Lugers
The Mr. Meth-Tical from Staten Isle
Will be back after this message, don't touch the dial
Rarely do you see an MC out for justice
Got my gun powder and my musket, blaow
Melons get swellings, I paint mental pictures like Magellan
Half of my Clan's repeat felons
Niggas best protect they joints for Nine-Nickel
Man, I stay on point like icicles
Now who wanna test Tical, then touch Tical
All up in your motherfuckin' mouth
Headbanger boogie, catch me on tour with Al Doogie
Method Man rolled too tight, you can't pull me
Better take one and pass or that's that ass
Your vital statistics are low and fallin' fast
Johnny Blaze out to get loot like Johnny Cash
Play a game of Russian Roulette and have a blast

[Redman:]

Lyrical gats spittin' the criminal tactics
Non-believers get my dick and genitals backwards
Let's face it, there's no replacement
Taste this mad underground basement shit I'm laced with
Avalanche on your whole camp when I'm spliffed
Funk Doctor who, Spock, bitch, don't get it twisted
I got connects like Federal Express

To get the fresh package of bless the dogs can't fetch
Got the clear spot from the rear block
To bust 'til every nigga here drop, men I fear not
Hold your nose and blow out 'til your ears pop
Since your crew suit you to shift, now you claim that your gears locked
Whiff this underground cannabis
I'm dangerous like John the bomb analyst
Flip MC's like ki's
My degrees freeze consecutively like EPMD LP's
Lick off a shot and hit your fam by mistake
So I erase the whole front row at the wake
I planned my escape in case Jake wann' snake bust it
I'm the one pushin' the hearse in the first place
Confidence for you shaky-ass folks
Pump for Rockafeller for the day he got smoked
Choke off this antidote, got you ope
Get roast by my lyrical Billy Dee .45 Colt
And I'm out for 9-nickel

*[*in the background*]*

[INS the rebel]

Thanks to grillo_stylee, David for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Ricardo Emmanuel Brown

2Pac Lyrics

"How Do You Want It"

(feat. K-Ci and JoJo)

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

How do you want it yeah?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane; I'm for real

[2Pac:]

I love the way you activate your hips and push your ass out

Got a brother wantin' it so bad, I'm about to pass out

Wanna dig you, and I can't even lie about it

Baby just alleviate your clothes, time to fly up out it

Catch you at a club, oh shit you got me fiendin'

Body talkin' shit to me but I can't comprehend the meanin'

Now, if you wanna roll with me, then here's your chance

Doin' eighty on the freeway, police catch me if you can

Forgive me I'm a rider, still I'm just a simple man

All I want is money, fuck the fame I'm a simple man

Mr. International, player with the passport

Just like Aladdin bitch, get you anything you ask for

It's either him or me - Champagne, Hennessy

A favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies

Witness as we creep to a low speed, peep what a ho need

Puff some mo' weed, funk, ya don't need

Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day

But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way

Your body is bangin' baby I love it when you flaunt it

Time to give it to daddy, nigga, now tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?

How does it feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

How do you want it?

How do you feel?

Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game

Livin' in the fast lane

I'm for real

[2Pac:]

Tell me is it cool to fuck?

Did you think I come to talk?

Am I a fool or what?

Positions on the floor

It's like erotic
Irony, cause I'm somewhat psychotic
I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics
Up and down like a roller coaster
I'm up inside ya, I ain't quittin' 'til the show is over
Cause I'm a rider, in and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak and let you get on top of me
Get her rockin' these
Nights full of Alize
A livin' legend you ain't heard about
These niggas play these Cali days
C. Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker
Instead of tryin' to help a nigga you destroy a brother
Worse than the others; Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole
You're too old to understand the way the game's told
You're lame so I gotta hit you with the hot facts
Once I'm released, I'm makin' millions, nigga, top that
They wanna censor me; they'd rather see me in a cell
Livin' in hell - only a few of us'll live to tell
Now everybody talkin' about us I could give a fuck
I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss
Nigga, tell me how you want it

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]

Raised as a youth
Tell the truth, I got the scoop
On how to get a bulletproof
Cause I jumped from the roof
'fore I was a teenager, mobile phone, Skypager
Game rules, I'm livin' major - my adversaries
Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried
One of us gonna see the cemetery
My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive
Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes, before I die
I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million
And then I'm chillin' fade 'em all
These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me
Media is in my business and they actin' like they know me
But I'ma mash out and peel out
I'm with a clique that's quick to whip that fuckin' steel out
Yeah nigga, it's some new shit so better get up on it
When you see me, tell a nigga how you want it
How do you want it?

[K-Ci & JoJo:]

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[2Pac:]

Me and my Nigga Johnny J... yeah we out

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

[K-Ci & JoJo:]
How do you want it?
How do you feel?
Comin' up as a nigga in the cash game
Livin' in the fast lane
I'm for real

2Pac Lyrics

"2 Of Amerikaz Most Wanted"

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg)

[2Pac:]

Up out of there
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Eh, light that up, Snoop! Why you actin like that?
Ah shit, you done fucked up now
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
You done put two of America's most wanted in the same motherfuckin' place at the same motherfuckin' time
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Y'all niggas about to feel this
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)
Break out the Champagne glasses and the motherfuckin' condoms, have one on us, a'ight?
(Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party)

[Snoop Dogg:]

A toast to the gangsters

[2Pac:]

Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture
Bomb the hoochies with precision
My intention's to get richer
With the S-N double-O-P, Dogg, my fuckin' homie
You's a cold-ass nigga on them hogs

[Snoop Dogg:]

Sho 'nuff, I keep my hand on my gun
'Cause they got me on the run
Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome
"Free 2Pac" is all that's on a nigga's mind
But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine
So I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit
And put together a Million March for some gangsta shit

[2Pac:]

So now they got us laced
Two multi-millionaire motherfuckers catchin' cases
Bitches get ready for the throw down
The shit's about to go down
Me and Snoop about to clown
I'm losin' my religion
I'm vicious on these stool pigeons
You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'
Niggas be actin' like they savage
They out to get the cabbage
I've got nothin' but love for my niggas livin' lavish

[Snoop Dogg:]

I've got a pit named Petey, she Nigerina
I've got a house out in the hills right next to Chino
And I think I've got a black Bimmer

But my dream's to own a fly casino
Like Bugsy Siegel, and do it all legal
And get scooped up by the little homie in the Regal
It feels good to you, baby-bubba
You see, this is for the G's and the keys, motherfucker

[2Pac:]

Now follow as we ride
Motherfuck the rest, two of the best from the West side
And I can make you famous
Niggas been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us?
I live in fear of a felony
I never stop bailin' these motherfuckin' G's
If you got it, better flaunt it
Another warrant for two of America's most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]

Now give me fifty feet
Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets
And keep whatever's left of me
Jealousy is misery, sufferin' is grief
Better be prepared when you cowards fuck with me
I bust and flee, these niggas must be crazy, what?
There ain't no mercy, motherfuckers who can't fade the thugs
You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear
Bow down in the presence of a boss player

[Snoop Dogg:]

It's like Cuz/Blood gang-bangin'
Everybody in the party doin' dope-slangin'
You gotta have papers in this world
You might get your first snatch before your eyes swirl
You doin' your job every day
And then you work so hard 'til your hair turns gray
Let me tell you about life and about the way it is
You see, we live by the gun, so we die by the guns, kids

[2Pac:]

They tell me not to roll with my glock
So now I got a throw-away
Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day
They wonder how I live with five shots
Niggas is hard to kill on my block
Schemes for currency and dough-related

Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it
No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted

[Daz Dillinger (2Pac):]

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
(Nothin' but a gangsta party
It ain't nothin' but a motherfuckin' gangsta party)
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party

[2Pac:]

Biatch! Where you at? Where you at?
Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party
Yeah, Death Row

Writer(s): Calvin C. Broadus, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud

2Pac Lyrics

"No More Pain"

Hey DeVante

Nigga, don'tcha know we're gonna sow up every bitch in the country

Me and you, up in the same motherfuckin' room

On the same level

This shit here, hahahaha

Please, no more pain

That's right nigga

Hey drop that shit boy

My adversaries cry like hoes fully eradicate my foes

My lyrics explode on contact, gamin' you hoes

Who else but Mama's only son, fuck the phony niggas I'm the one

Say my name, watch bitches come

Now fire when ready, stay watchin' our figure

Increase speed, make you motherfuckers bleed from your mouth quicker

Plus all these niggas that you run with, be on some dumb shit

Trickin' on hoes, I ain't the one bitch

Holla my name and witness game official, it's so sick

Have every single bitch that came witchu, on my dick

Plus this alcohol increases the chance to be deceased

I'm movin' you stupid bitches, vicious telekinesis

Am I reachin' your brain? Nigga how can I explain?

How vicious this Thug motherfucker came

When I die, I want to be a living legend, say my name

Affiliated with this motherfuckin' game, with no more pain

[Interpretation of Method Man's "Bring the Pain":]

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain

Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)

Line up my adversaries, blast on sight

And fuck your boyfriend bitch, I want some ass tonight You know my steelo, Alize and Cristal, weed

Sure you heard of all the freaky shit they say about me, huh

Plus all you busters is jealous, pull your gun out and blast

I dare you niggas to open fire, I'll murder that ass

And disappear before the, cops come runnin'

My Glock's spittin' rounds, niggas fallin' down clutchin' they stomach

It's Westside, Death Row, Thug niggas on the rise

Busters shot me five times, real niggas don't die

Can ya hear me?, laced with this game, I know you fear me

Spit the secret to war, so cowards fear me

My only fear of death is reincarnation

Heart of a soldier with a brain to teach your whole nation

And feelin' no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (yeah nigga, no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (what, what nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane (no more pain)
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain (no pain nigga)
Let's go inside my astral plane (no pain)

Bury me that's what they all say
It's time to make a killin', sure to make a million with DeVante
Bitch I know you want me, what your mouth say?, now, watch your eyes
You don't wanna get with me, that's a lie
I got my hands on your hips, no time to bullshit
Freaky bitch, come give me kiss
Tell them niggas from other areas, brothers from here
So obsessed with this money makin' it ain't nothin' we fear
Now they label me a troublemaker, cause I'm a ridah
Death to you playa haters, don't let me find ya
Mama made me rugged, Baptize the public
Now you all thugs, nigga don't you love it
It's similar to multiple gunshots, retaliation is a must
Wasn't too sure what you facin' so watch the guns bust
You niggas'll bleed, fuckin' with me you'll be deceased
Never restin' in peace, nigga
With no more pain

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

[Collision:]

Hahahahaha, yeah nigga, yeah! Hahahahaha
No more pain
It's just like that nigga, like that yeah
No more pain
Motherfuckers can't handle that shit
Much too much for these bitches
No more pain
Feel me nigga? Feel me?
How you figure you can fuck with me?
Fully automatic type shit
No more pain
Coward ass niggas, cowards
Come put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Come put your mouth on the pistol, no more pain
Close your eyes nigga, do it
Die in the dark, no more pain

Death Row, so what you motherfuckers do?
Hey that's DeVante droppin' that beat like that BEYATCH
In case you wonderin'

And jealous niggas, hahaha, see y'all niggas
Motherfuckin' niggas are shit
Hey

[Whispering in the background:]

I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane
I came to bring the pain, hardcore to the brain
Let's go inside my astral plane

Westsiiiiide! Death to everybody that ain't down with me
That's on, feel me? Hahaha
Oh yeah, to the cowards, you know who you are, it's still Bad Boy Killa
Just feel that, Thug Life, shit don't stop
Fat motherfuckers got Downs Syndrome, motherfuckers
Weak ass niggas, dancers turned fuckin' CEOs
Put your mouth on this pistol nigga
Put your mouth on the pistol!
Hahahaha, yeah nigga no more pain
Prison ain't changed me nigga, it made me worse
Feel me nigga, haha
No more pain
Hey DeVante I'm givin' these motherfuckers choices
Niggas can roll with us, or they can be rolled up under us
That's on you nigga, what you wanna do?
Last year we was lettin' these niggas kick up dust
This year you motherfuckers gonna be dust
Thug Life nigga Westsiide!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Devante Smith, Robert F. Diggs, Clifford Smith

2Pac Lyrics

"Heartz Of Men"

Hey Suge, what I tell you, nigga
When I come out of jail, what was I gonna do?
I was gonna start diggin' into these niggas' chest, right
Watch this
Hey Quik, let me get them binoculars, nigga, the binoculars
Hahahaha, yeah nigga, time to ride
Grab your bulletproof vest nigga
Cause it's gonna be a long one
Now me and Quik finna show you niggas what it's like on this side - the real side
Now, on this ride there's gonna be some real motherfuckers
And there's gonna be some pussies
Now the real niggas gonna be the ones with money and bitches
The pussies are gonna be the niggas on the floor bleedin'
Now everybody keep your eyes on the prize cause the ride get tricky
See, you got some niggas on your side that say they're your friends, but in real life they your enemies
And then you got some motherfuckers that say they your enemies
But in real life they eyes is on your money
See, the enemies will say they true
But in real life those niggas will be the snitches
It's a dirty game, y'all
Y'all got ta be careful about who you fuck with and who you don't fuck with
Cause the shit get wild, y'all
Keep your mind on your riches, Baby
Keep your mind on your riches

9-1-1! It's an emergency, cowards tried to murder me
From hood to the 'burbs, everyone of you niggas heard of me
Shit, I'm legendary niggas scary and paralyzed
Nothing more I despise than a liar
Cowards die
My mama told me when I was a seed
Just a vicious motherfucker why these devils left me free
I proceed to make them shiver
When I deliver
Criminal lyrics
From a world wide mob figure
Thug niggas from everywhere Mr. Makaveli
Niggas is waiting for some thug shit, that's what they tell me
So many rumors but I'm infinite Immortal Outlaw
Switching up on you ordinary bitches
Like a southpaw you get left
And every breath I breathe until the moment I'm deceased
Will be another moment ballin' as a 'G'
I rip the crowd, then I start again
Eternally I live in sin
Until the moment that they let me breathe again
The heartz of men

The hearts of men

My lyrical verse was so much pain, to some niggas it hurts
My guns bust and, if you ain't one of us, it gets worse
Bitch niggas get their eyes swoll
In fly mode
I'm a homicidal outlaw
And 5-0, get your lights on, the fight's on
Tonight's gonna be a fucking fight
So we might roll
My own homies say I'm heartless
But I'm a G to this til the day I'm gone, that's regardless
Ride by, niggas bow down
Thought I'd rot in jail, paid bail, well, nigga's out now
Throw up your hands if you thugged out
First nigga act up
First nigga getting drugged out
I can be a villain if ya let me
But motherfucker if ya do upset me
Tell the cops to come and get me
Rip the crowd like a phone number
Then start again, don't have no mutherfuckin' friends, nigga
Look inside the hearts of men

In the hearts of men

To all my niggas engaged in making money in the fifty states
Keep your mind on your chips and fuck a punk bitch
No longer living in fear, my pistol close in hand
Convinced this is my year, like I'm the chosen man
Give me my money and label me as a don
If niggas is having problems
Smoke' em, fire and bomb
I died and came back
I hustle with these lyrics as if it's a game of crack
Thugging is in my spirit
I'm lost and not knowing
Scared up, but still flowing
Energized and still going
Uh, can it be fate
That makes a sick motherfucker break
On these jealous ass coward cause they evil and fake
What will it take ?
Give me that bass line, I'm feeling bomb
Death Row, baby, don't be alarmed
The homie Quik gave a nigga a beat and let me start again
Represent
Cause I've been sent
The hearts of men

Thanks to anthony wansor, vilpe85_poker for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"Life Goes On"

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

As I bail through the empty halls, breath stinkin' in my jaws
Ring, ring, ring, quiet y'all, incoming call
Plus this my homie from high school, he's getting by
It's time to bury another brother, nobody cry
Life as a baller: alcohol and booty calls
We used to do them as adolescents, do you recall?
Raised as G's, loc'ed out and blazed the weed
Get on the roof, let's get smoked out and blaze with me
2 in the morning and we still high assed out
Screaming "thug till I die" before I passed out
But now that you're gone, I'm in the zone
Thinking I don't wanna die all alone, but now ya gone
And all I got left are stinkin' memories
I love them niggas to death, I'm drinkin' Hennessy
While trying to make it last
I drank a fifth for that ass when you passed
Cause life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, and life goes on

Yeah nigga, I got the word is hell
Ya blew trial and the judge gave you 25 with an L
Time to prepare to do fed time, won't see parole
Imagine life as a convict that's getting old
Plus with the drama we're looking out for your baby's mama
Taken risks, while keeping cheap tricks from getting on her
Life in the hood is all good for nobody
Remember gaming on dumb hotties at yo' parties
Me and you, no truer two
While scheming on hits
And getting tricks that maybe we can slide into
But now you buried. Rest, nigga, cause I ain't worried
Eyes blurry saying goodbye at the cemetery
Though memories fade

I got your name tatted on my arm
So we both ball till my dying days
Before I say goodbye
Kato and Mental rest in peace. Thug till I die!

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on
How many brothers fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace, young nigga, there's a Heaven for a G
Be a lie if I told you that I never thought of death
My niggas, we the last ones left, but life goes on

Bury me smiling with G's in my pocket
Have a party at my funeral, let every rapper rock it
Let the hoes that I used to know
From way before kiss me from my head to my toe
Give me a paper and a pen so I can write about my life of sin
A couple bottles of gin in case I don't get in
Tell all my people I'm a Ridah
Nobody cries when we die, we outlaws, let me ride
Until I get free, I live my life in the fast lane
Got police chasing me
To my niggas from old blocks, from old crews
Niggas that guided me through back in the old school
Pour out some liquor, have a toast for the homies
See, we both gotta die, but you chose to go before me
And brothers, miss ya while your gone
You left your nigga on his own. How long we mourn?
Life goes on

How many brothers fell victim to the streets?

Life goes on homie
Gone on, cause they passed away
Niggas doing life, niggas doing 50 and 60 years and shit
I feel ya, nigga. Trust me, I feel ya
You know what I mean
Last year we poured out liquor for ya
This year nigga, life goes on
We're gonna clock now
Get money, evade bitches, evade tricks, give playa haters plenty of space, and basically just represent for you
baby
Next time you see your niggas, you're gonna be on top, nigga
They're gonna be like, "Goddamn, them niggas came up"
That's right, baby, life goes on and we up out this bitch
Hey Kato, Mental
Y'all niggas make sure it's poppin' when we get up there man
Don't front
Life goes on
Hold me no more hold me no more
Yes it do yes it do yes it do

Thanks to pimp_of_da_natiOn for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Joseph Banks Jefferson, Charles B. Simmons

2Pac Lyrics

"Only God Can Judge Me"

(feat. Rappin 4-Tay)

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me (that right?)
Only God can judge me now
Nobody else (nobody else)
All you other motherfuckers get out my business (really)
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]

Perhaps I was blind to the facts, stabbed in the back
I couldn't trust my own homies, just a bunch of dirty rats
Will I succeed? Paranoid from the weed
And hocus pocus, I try to focus, but I can't see
And in my mind I'm a blind man doin' time
Look to my future, 'cause my past is all behind me
Is it a crime to fight for what is mine?
Everybody's dyin', tell me what's the use of tryin'
I've been trapped since birth, cautious 'cause I'm cursed
And fantasies of my family in a hearse
And they say it's the white man I should fear
But it's my own kind doin' all the killin' here
I can't lie, ain't no love for the other side
Jealousy inside, make 'em wish I died
Oh my Lord, tell me what I'm livin' for
Everybody's droppin', got me knockin' on Heaven's door
And all my memories of seein' brothers bleed
And everybody grieves, but still nobody sees
Recollect your thoughts, don't get caught up in the mix
'Cause the media is full of dirty tricks

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me

[Flatline]

[2Pac:]

I hear the doctor standin' over me, screamin' I can make it
Got a body full of bullet holes, layin' here naked
Still I can't breathe, something's evil in my IV
'Cause everytime I breathe I think they killin' me
I'm havin' nightmares, homicidal fantasies

I wake up stranglin', tangled in my bed sheets
I call the nurse 'cause it hurts to reminisce
How did it come to this? I wish they didn't miss
Somebody help me, tell me where to go from here
'Cause even thugs cry, but do the Lord care?
Try to remember, but it hurts
I'm walkin' through the cemetery, talkin' to the dirt
I'd rather die like a man than live like a coward
There's a ghetto up in Heaven and it's ours
"Black Power!" is what we scream
As we dream in a paranoid state
And our fate is a lifetime of hate
Dear Mama, can you save me? And fuck peace
'Cause the streets got our babies, we gotta eat
No more hesitation, each and every black male's trapped
And they wonder why we suicidal running 'round strapped
Mr. Police, please try to see
That there's a million motherfuckers stressin' just like me

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac:]

That which does not kill me can only make me stronger
That's for real
and I don't see why everybody feel as though
that they gotta tell me how to live my life
You know?
Let me live, baby, let me live

[Rappin' 4-Tay:]

Pac, I feel ya, keep servin' it on the reala
For instance, say a playa hatin' mark is out to kill ya
Would you be wrong for buckin' a nigga to the pavement?
He gon' get me first, if I don't get him fool start prayin'
Ain't no such thing as self-defense in the court of law
So judge us when we get to where we're goin wearin' a cross
That's real, got him, lurked him, crept the fuck up on him
Sold a half a million tapes, now everybody want him
After talkin' behind my back like a bitch would
Tellin' them niggas, "You can fade him," punk I wish you would
It be them same motherfuckers in your face
That'll rush up in your place to get your safe
Knowin' you on that paper chase
Grass, glass, big screen and leather couch
My new shit is so fetti, already sold a ki or ounce
Bitch, remember 2Pac and 4-Tay

Them same two brothers dodgin' bullets representin' the Bay
Pac, when you was locked down
That's when I'll be around
Start climbin' up the charts, so sick, but they tried to clown
That's why they ride the bandwagon
Still be draggin' sellin' lies
Don't think I don't see you haters, I know y'all in disguise

[2Pac:]

Guess you figure you know me, 'cause I'm a thug
That love to hit the late night club drink and buzzed
Been livin' lavish like a player all day
Now I'm bout to floss 'em off, player shit with 4-Tay

[2Pac:]

Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me
Only God can judge me, only God
Only God can judge me now

[2Pac (Rappin 4-Tay):]

(Only God, mane)
That right?
(That's real)
Hahahahahaha
(Fuck everybody else, you know what I'm sayin'?)
Man, look here, man
My only fear of death
Is comin' back to this bitch reincarnated, man
That's for the homie mental
(Hehehehe)
We up out

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Forte Anthony, Rasheed Douglas B, Fretty Harold A

2Pac Lyrics

"Tradin War Stories"

(feat. C-Bo, Dramacydal, Storm, CPO, Outlawz)

[2Pac:]

A military mind, nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind, nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know

[2Pac:]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac:]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
And feared men grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggas whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Henceforth, we thug niggas and we came in packs
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on 'yak
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin' 'til I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'
Fat as that ass that honey shakin'

[2Pac & Kastro:]

My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
My nigga tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas despise, look in my eyes

[Kastro:]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin' and shit
But I was just a younger nigga;
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit
But what was I doin' in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first
Facin' termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all
These playa hatin' niggas position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryna tell you

[Edi Amin:]

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin' greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game something D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out
And wide open - the ridin' and smokin'
Collidin' with foes - in the worst place;
y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us ,in the first place
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin' game to the youngsters
Y'all don't want no funk cause
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

[2Pac & C-Bo:]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes

[C-Bo:]

I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale
Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger
No one will remain when I come through dumping insane
Call me Bo Loc Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine
I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hot ones up in your brain
More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)
Never been no sign for men call
How we bucks them down on the way to the ground
Ain't nothing but the hog in me
Plus, stompin' steel toed, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G
It ain't no calling the funk off
Don't be funkking with my sawed off
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
And had them bitch niggas hauled off

[2Pac (Napolean):]

We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)
We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise (look in my eyes)

[Napoleon:]

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay
Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks when niggas ran up
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back
What happened then? No one would tell me since I was three
Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free
But fuck that, you got whats mines and I want that
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back
And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing
Thugging Immortal when got some war stories for you

[Storm:]

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal
Never gave a fuck cause I was nobody's daughter
Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
murderous tendencies in my mind, can't be controlled, nigga
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla
When I got you on kay-nine-fourths
Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth
We tradin' war stories

[2Pac:]

[illegible]

[2Pac:]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz
Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli
Can you feel me?
Just so you know, it's on Death Row
My niggas love that shit
Dramacydal in this motherfucker, heheheh
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal N Felony
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?
You know what time it is

2Pac Lyrics

"California Love"

(feat. Dr. Dre, Roger Troutman)

[Roger Troutman:]

California love
California knows how to party
California knows how to party
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:]

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west
A state that's untouchable like Eliot Ness
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest
Pack a vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex
We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hemp be
The state where you never find a dance floor empty
And pimps be on a mission for them greens
Lean mean money-making-machines serving fiends
I been in the game for 10 years making rap tunes
Ever since honeys was wearing Sassoon
Now it's '95 and they clock me and watch me
Diamonds shining, looking like I robbed Liberace
It's all good, from Diego to the Bay
Your city is the bomb if your city making pay
Throw up a finger if you feel the same way
Dre putting it down for Californ-i-a

[Roger Troutman:]

California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin', we keep it rockin'

[Roger Troutman:]

Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[2Pac:]

Out on bail, fresh out of jail, California dreaming
Soon as I step on the scene, I'm hearing hoochies screaming
Fiending for money and alcohol
The life of a Westside player where cowards die and the strong ball
Only in Cali where we riot not rally to live and die
In L.A. we wearing Chucks not Ballys (yeah, that's right)
Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits, and ride is what we do

Flossing, but have caution: we collide with other crews
Famous because we throw grams
Worldwide, let them recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans
Bumping and grinding like a slow jam, it's Westside
So you know the row won't bow down to no man
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre
Let me serenade the streets of L.A
From Oakland to Sac-town, the Bay Area and back down
Cali is where they put their mack down
Give me love!

[Roger Troutman:]

California knows how to party
California knows how to party (Yes, they do)
In the city of L.A
In the city of good ol' Watts
In the city, the city of Compton
We keep it rockin'

[Dr. Dre:] South Central

[2Pac:] Uh, that's right

[Dr. Dre:] Now make it shake

[Roger Troutman:]

Shake, shake it, baby
Shake, shake it, mama
Shake it Cali, shake it shake it baby
Shake it, shake it, shake it, shake it

[Dr. Dre:]

Shake it Cali
Uh, uh, West Coast
Uh, yeah, uh, uh, Long Beach in the house
Uh, yeah, Oaktown, Oakland definitely in the house
Frisco, Frisco

[2Pac:]

And you know L.A. up in here

[Dr. Dre:]

Pasadena where you at?
Yeah, Inglewood
Inglewood always up to no good

[2Pac:]

Even Hollywood trying to get a piece, baby

[Dr. Dre:]

Sacramento, Sacramento where you at?

[2Pac:]

Throw it up ya'll, throw it up, throw it up!
I can't see ya
Let's show these fools how we do it over on this West Side
Cause you and I know it's the best side
Yeah, that's right

West Coast, West Coast

Thanks to Blades, Serg, fattygurlfantasy, mourssss for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Mikel Hooks, Larry Troutman, Roger Troutman, Ronnie Hudson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Chris Stainton, Joe Cocker

2Pac Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At Cha"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit 'cha
I ain't mad at 'cha
Got nothin' but love for ya, do your thing, boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'mma send this one out for y'all, know what I mean?
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfuck
Yeah, niggas
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha

[2Pac:]

Now we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swell
'member when you had a Jheri Curl didn't quite learn
On the block, wit'cha Glock, trippin' off sherm
Collect calls to the crib, sayin' how you've changed
Oh you's a Muslim now? No more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail
It seems I lost my little homie, he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulations on the wedding, I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'
I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB
on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker that
Go toe to toe when it's time to roll you got a brother's back
And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead
Cause I ain't mad at 'cha
(Hmm, I ain't mad at 'cha)

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

[2Pac:]

We used to be like distant cousins
Fightin', playin' dozens, whole neighborhood buzzin'
Knowin' that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared
Besides, bumpin' 'n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we'd learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I'll be locked up state
I kiss my momma, goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, cause momma I ain't happy here
I blew trial, no more smiles for a couple years
They got me goin' mad
I'm knockin' busters on they backs, in my cell, thinkin'
"Hell, I know one day I'll be back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
Cause you's a down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(a true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at 'cha)

[2Pac:]

Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nothing to lots, ten carats to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big man on the block
He's Mr. Local-Celebrity, addicted to movin' ki's
Most hated by enemies, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you while you faded, in the younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
Cause crime pays and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze
You'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?
'Til God return me to my essence
Cause even as an adolescent, I refuse to be a convalescent
So many questions and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at 'cha
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at 'cha

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

I ain't - mad - at 'cha

(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(Hell nah I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(And I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
(I ain't mad at 'cha)
I ain't - mad - at 'cha
I ain't - mad - at 'cha

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Arnaud Delmar, Jordan Etterlene, Steward Danny Boy

2Pac Lyrics

"What'z Ya Phone #"

(feat. Danny Boy)

What's your phone number?

Now, I could make miracles to tempos
It's instrumental, waiting for the nymphos; that's the intro
Shook when you rush me, walked up and touched me
Why? Do you want to fuck me?
Just 'cause I'm paid in the worst way? True!
Lookin' kinda good in your birthday suit
I wonder if you're wild and you act shy
Do you like to be on top or the back side?
Watch me while you lick your lips
Shake your hips, goddamn, I love that shit
Yo, let's stop fakin', be real now
I got a room and a hard-on; still down?
Met you standing at a bar full of black dudes
Said you wanna see my scars and my tattoos
When we head for my hideout, act right
Boss player when I ride out, that's right
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

Oh shit, baby is a dime piece, more than just fine
She's personally blessed from the gods
If I seen her right now, she could get me hard
Didn't want to talk to me, just to see my car
Never had sex with a rich rap star
'Til I got her in the back of my homeboy's car
Tell me, why do we live this way?
Money over bitches, let me hear you say
What's your phone number?
Are you alone? Got a pocket full of rubbers, let's bone!
Time for your girlfriend to take you home
I had fun, but baby, gotta leave me alone
Picture in my rhyme
Take time to rewind these words I say
If you open your mind bet in a minute you'll find
It's time let the Outlawz play
What's ya phone number?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

If you really wanna fuck with me, I'm ready
Baby, let me give you a call
How long will it take to break you off?

[Girl and 2Pac converse:]

[Girl:] Hello?

[2Pac:] Hello? Who is this?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] This is who?

[Girl:] Is this 2Pac?

[2Pac:] Yeah, it's 2Pac. Who is this?

[Girl:] Hi, baby. How are you?

[2Pac:] I'm aight. What up, baby?

[Girl:] You don't recognize the voice?

[2Pac:] You recognize my voice, huh?

[Girl:] Do you recognize MY voice?

[2Pac:] Nah, I know you?

[Girl:] Yeah, you know me. I guess you don't recognize me when I'm talking

[2Pac:] Where I know you from? Where I know you from?

[Girl:] You just know me, baby

[2Pac:] Where? Talk up, I can't barely hear you

[Girl:] You know me from when we were, you know, intimate

[2Pac:] Oh, we fucked?

[Girl:] Oh baby, did we ever

[2Pac:] Oh, tell me about it, baby

[Girl:] I remember when I put that big dick in my hand and stroked it up and down

[2Pac:] OOOOH!

[Girl:] Then I put it in my mouth. I sucked it

[2Pac:] Ooh, you did?

[Girl:] Ooh, I did

[2Pac:] Shit!

[Girl:] Fucked it and fucked it. Put me in. You came

[2Pac:] Did I come?

[Girl:] Ooh, baby: everywhere, everywhere. You don't remember me yet?

[2Pac:] I'm starting to get a picture. Why don't you help me out. What did I do to the pussy? What a nigga do to the pussy?

[Girl:] You rocked it

[2Pac:] Did I?

[Girl:] Yeah, you did

[2Pac:] Did I give you some of that Thug Passion?

[Girl:] Mmmmmm

[2Pac:] Heh, heh. Eh, so what you doing right now, though?

[Girl:] Me and my finger are getting acquainted

[2Pac:] How many you got?

[Girl:] I got ten, but only one is workin'

[2Pac:] Oh well, can I come over there?

[Girl:] If you want to

[2Pac:] Do I want to? Do a bear shit in the woods and wipe his ass with a rabbit?

[Girl:] Mmm. You gonna rock it, baby?

[2Pac:] Hell yeah, I'm gonna rock it, baby

[Girl:] Like you did before?

[2Pac:] No dizoubt. You gonna feel that Thug Passion for real

[Girl:] Mmmm, baby

[2Pac:] I'm on my way though. I'm about to fly over there in a 500. It ain't gonna take but a minute. Eh, light the candles, get the baby oil out, turn all the lights out. Drink a little bit of that shit. I'm on my way, babe. I'm gonna

knock that pussy to the next week
[Girl:] Knock it out, baby, knock it out
[2Pac:] I'm gon knock the taste out your mouth, girl. I'm gonna put your legs on your head. I'ma tie you up,
blindfold you. And we gonna play which hole feel the best
[Girl:] You know which hole feel the best
[2Pac:] We finna see tonight, though
[Girl:] I'm gonna make you remember me
[2Pac:] Oh, yeah
[Girl:] Yeah
[2Pac:] Oh yeah, you got my dick hard. I can't find the steering shift, you got me so fucked up. I'm playing with
myself and shit
[Girl:] Can I shift your gear? Can I shift it in the front?
[2Pac:] Hell yeah, aye, you know what I wanna do though?
[Girl:] Whatch you wanna do?
[2Pac:] I wanna fuck you on the balcony, while you lookin' out over L.A, yaknahmean? Just poundin' that shit
from the back
'Cause a motherfucker hop that shit like I got hydraulics
Fixed in me, you feel me? I be hittin' switches, baby
[Girl:] Ooh, I feel you, yes
[2Pac:] Heh, hey, I'm fin' to come over there. Just wait for me sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. I'll see you
later, baby, bye
[Girl:] Bye, boo
[2Pac:] Hah, yeah, I'm gonna get some pussy
Heh, get some pussy, hah, hah

Writer(s): Prince Rogers Nelson, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Johnny Lee Jackson

2Pac Lyrics

"Can't C Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, George Clinton)

[George Clinton:]

The blind stares of a million pairs of eyes
Looking hard, but won't realize
That they will never see the P!
You must be goin' blind

[2Pac:]

Give me my money in stacks
And lace my bitches with dime figures
Real niggas fingers on nickel-plated 9 triggers
Must see my enemies defeated
I catch 'em while they coked up and weeded
Open fire, now them niggas bleeding
See me in flesh and test and get your chest blown
Straight out the west, don't get blown
My adversaries cry like hoes
Open and shut like doors
Is you a friend or foe?
Nigga, you ain't know?
They got me stressed out on Death Row
I've seen money, but baby, I've gots to get mo'
You screaming: "Go 2Pac!" and I ain't stopping 'til I'm well-paid
Bail's paid now nigga look what hell made
Visions of cops and sirens, niggas open fire
Bunch of Thug Life niggas on the rise, until I die
Ask me why I'm a boss player, getting high
And when I'm rolling by niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton:]

The stares of a million pairs of eyes
And you'll never realize
You can't see me

[2Pac:]

Been getting word that these square motherfuckers with nerves
Saying they can get with us, but picture me getting served
My own mama say I'm thugged out
My shit be bumping out the record store as if it was a drug house
My lyrics bang like a Crip or Blood
Nigga what! It ain't nothing but a party when we thug
And there I was, a young nigga with heart
Ain't had shit to lose
Pullin' my pistol on them fools, you know the rules
D-R-E you got me heated
My words like a penitentiary dick
Hitting bitches where it's most needed
Money and weed, Alize and Hennessy
To my thug niggas in lock down: witness me
Bail on these hoes in floss-mode

The life of a boss playa, fuck what you thought, though
My enemies deceased, die like a bitch
When my album hit the streets, niggas can't see me!

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
(They can't see me)
Which way did he go, George?
Which way did he go?
Oh!! which way did he go?
Which way did he go?

[2Pac:]
You niggas made a mistake
You should've never put my rhymes with Dre
Them Thug niggas have arrived and it's Judgement Day
Hey homie, if you feel me
Tell them tricks that shot me that they missed, they ain't killed me
I can make a motherfucker shake, rattle n' roll
I'm full of liquor, thug nigga, quick to jab at them hoes
And I can make you jealous niggas famous
Fuck around with 2Pac and see how good a nigga's aim is
I'm just a rich motherfucker from the way
If this rapping bring me money, then I'm rapping 'til I'm paid
I'm getting green like I'm supposed to
Nigga, I holla at these hoes and see how many I can go through
Look to the star, and visualize my debut
Niggas know me, player, I gotta stay true
Don't be a dumb motherfucker cause it's crazy after dark
Where the true thug-niggas see your heart
Niggas can't see me!

Yo, check this out: stay off his dick

[George Clinton (2Pac):]
(Niggas can't see me)
Right before your eyes, I'll disappear from here
You niggas can't see me
You can't see me
(I know it's hard nigga, I'm all up in your face)
(But you still can't see me)
You can't see me
(All up in your range, but niggas can't see me)
20/20 vision won't visualize
(I'm in the flesh baby, but you can't see me)
All those glasses won't help you realize
(You blinded, you blinded, you can't see me)
You can't see me
(Thug Life, baby)
(Don't believe everything you read!)
(Alize and weed)
You can't see me, right before your very eyes
You won't even visualize, you can't see me
(Dr. Dre all day, 2Pac)
Niggas can't see me
(I dedicate this to you punk motherfuckers!)

(This one's for you, BIG baby)
(Cause you bitch-ass niggas can't see me)
(Niggas can't see me)
You can't see me

See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil
You won't see me
Yeah, first see me, now you don't
Wanna see me, but you won't
Come to see me, but you can't
Oh, you can't see me, you can't see me
Right between your eyes and you'll never realize
Right before your eyes, you won't even realize
Visualize what you can't see

Thanks to schar for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Young Andre Romell, Clinton George

2Pac Lyrics

"Shorty Wanna Be A Thug"

Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug!
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Was a nice middle-class nigga
But no one knew the evil he'd do when he got a little bigger
You'd often find him blazed, for puffing on a Newport
Plotting on a another way to catch a case
Was only 16, yet convicted as a felon
With a bunch of old niggas, but you the only one ain't tellin'
I tell you it's a cold world, stay in school
You tell me it's a man's world, play the rules
And fade fools, break rules until we major
Blaze up, getting with hoes through my pager
Was raised up, commence to money-makin' tactics
It's getting drastic, niggas got automatics
My finger's on the trigger
Tell the Lord to make way for another straight thug nigga
I'm sitting, getting buzzed, looking for some love
From the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, said he's wanna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's gonna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Straight from the hall to the pen
An adolescent nigga standing way higher than six feet ten
He carried weight, like a Mack truck
Gonna bust on playa haters, if them mothafuckas act tuff
Then that's when, a lethal weapon with the razor
This little nigga smoking weed and getting blazed up
No one could figure, when the guns blast, pull the trigger
Could take the life of a young nigga, guns bigger
No mother and father, you see, the nigga's all alone
Old timers my role model, the war zone
Been laced with this game 'til it's a part of me
My heart don't beat no fear, and that ain't hard to see
The future is looking dim
I'm tryin' to make a profit out of living in this sin
I'm in the dark, getting buzzed, looking for some love
Out with the homies, 'cause shorty wanna be a thug

Said he's gonna be, said he's gonna be
One day he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he's gonna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he's wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug
Said he wanna be, one day he's gonna be
Said he wanna be, shorty's gonna be a thug

Shorty's gonna be a thug
Little bad ass nigga, to the young niggas
Gotta stay sharp, nigga, play your part!
Got plenty of time (you bad mothafuckas)
You only get three mistakes, and then it's life, big baby
(Niggas craaaazy) Watch the signs!
Damn, nigga! Sixteen, nigga?
Sixteen?! Too bad, mothafuckers

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Edwards Douglas Fraser, Richardson Thomas David, Jackson Johnny Lee

2Pac Lyrics

"Holla At Me"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher)

[Nanci Fletcher (2Pac):]

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to playa hate, but they can't fade us though
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound, so funky
We be throwin' down
(This goes out to you playa)
(You know, you know who you are)

[2Pac:]

Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me
Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me
So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me

[2Pac:]

Are you confused?

You wonder how it feels to walk a mile inside the shoes of a nigga who don't have a thing to lose
When me and you was homies
No one informed me it was all a scheme
You infiltrated my team and sold a nigga's dreams
How could you do me like that?
I took ya family in
I put some cash in ya pocket, made you a man again
And now you let the fear put your ass in a place
Complicated to escape, it's a fool's fate
Without your word you're a shell of a man
I lost respect for ya, nigga
We can never be friends
I know I'm runnin' through your head now
What could you do?
If it was up to you, I'd be dead now
I let the world know, nigga, you a coward
Ya could never be live
Until you die
See the motherfuckin' bitch in your eye
Type of nigga, that let the evil of the money trap me
When ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me (holla at me)

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be afraid, don't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(So I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay

We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

Curious, spittin' lyrics on the verge of furious
I'm addicted to currency
Nigga that's why we're doin' this
I got shot up, I surprised the niggas the way I got up
And then I hit the studio, it's time to blow the block up
No hesitation
This information got you contemplatin'
Heartbreakin' and eliminatin' with this conversation
Break him and let him see the face of a mental patient
It's a celebration of my criminal elevation, more participation
I want members that call the fifty states
To keep the nation anticipatin' until we break
Will I be great, is it my fate?
To live the life of luxury, some niggas bought my tapes
So much jealousy it scares me
So be prepared, cause only the strong survive
Life isn't fair (fair)
Probably never knew the way it feels to die
So you see come fuck with me, I give that ass a try!
Nigga, Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(And now I gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[2Pac:]

I should've saw the signs, I was blinded
Criminal minds of a young black brotha doin' time
So many brothas framed in this dirty game
It's a shame, so much pressure on my brain while she blame me
Secrets in the dark, only her and I know
Now I'm sittin' in the state pen', doin' time slow
Guess she made a bad decision
That got me livin' just like an animal
I'm caged up in state prison
My niggas dissin' cause hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn
A cemetery full of motherfuckers not knowin'
Picture my prophecy I got some attacking me, on top of me
I'm runnin' from the coppers, but never let 'em stop me
Cause I'm a soldier
Hell, ever since I was a little nigga havin' fantasies of one day getting older
Niggas is paranoid, trust; a no no
Love is a mystery, fuck the po po
Holla at me

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(So when you see me nigga)

(You better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(A nigga gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me, nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

[Nanci Fletcher:]

Niggas out there jealous cause we be bailin' with Death Row
They try to play a hate, but they can't fade us tho'
We be mobbin' through the neighborhood, yeah
With that funky sound (so funky)
We be throwin' down

[(2Pac) Nanci Fletcher:]

(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay
(Gotta be careful, can't let the evil of the money trap me)
(So when ya see me nigga, you better holla at me)
You better beware where you lay
We better not find where you stay

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Bobby F Ervin

2Pac Lyrics

"Wonder Why They Call U"

(feat. Faith Evans)

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Look here, Miss Thang, hate to salt your game
But you's a money-hungry woman and you need to change
In the locker room, all the homies do is laugh
High fives 'cause another nigga played your ass
It was said you were sleezy, even easy
Sleepin' around for what you need, see
It's your thing, and you can shake it how you wanna
Give it up free or make your money on the corner
But don't be bad, play the game, get mad and change
Then you wonder why these motherfuckers call you names
Still lookin' for a way out, and that's okay
I can see you wanna stray, there's a way out
Keep your mind on your money, enroll in school
And as the years pass by, you can show them fools
But you ain't tryin' to hear me 'cause you're stuck
You're headin' for the bathroom, 'bout to get tossed up
Still lookin' for a rich man, you dug a ditch
Got your legs up tryin' to get rich
I love you like a sister, but you need to switch
And that's why they called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

You leave your kids with your mama
'Cause your headin' for the club
In a skin-tight miniskirt, lookin' for some love
Got them legs wide open while you're sittin' at the bar
Talkin' to some nigga 'bout his car
I guess he said he had a Lexus, what's next?
You headin' to his car for some sex?
I pass by, can't hold back tears inside
'Cause Lord knows, for years I tried
And all the other people on my block hate your guts
Then you wonder why they stare and call you slut
It's like your mind don't understand

You don't have to kill your dreams plottin' schemes on a man
Keep your head up, legs closed, eyes open
Either a nigga wear a rubber or he die smokin'
I'm hearin' rumors, so you need to switch
And niggas wouldn't call you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

I guess times gettin' hard, even harder for you
'Cause hey now, got a baby on the way now
More money from the county, and thanks to the welfare
You're about to get your hair done
Got a dinner date, can't be late
Trick or treat, sweet thang got another trick to meet
The way he did it it was smooth
Plottin' while he gamin' you so, baby, peep the rules
I should've seen it in the first case, the worst case
I should've never called you back in the first place
I remember back in high school, baby, you was fast
Straight sex when you moved your ass
But now things change, 'cause you don't look the same
Let the ghetto get the best of you, baby, that's a shame
Caught HIV and now you 'bout to be deceased
And finally be at peace
So where your niggas at now? 'Cause everybody left
They stepped, and left you on your own
See, I loved you like a sister, but you died too quick
And that's why we called you bitch—I betcha!

You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch—I betcha, bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch
You wonda why they call you bitch

Dear Ms. Delores Tucker, keep stressin' me
Fuckin' with a motherfuckin' mind
I figured you wanted to know
You know, why we call them hoes bitches
And maybe this might help you understand
It ain't personal, strictly business, baby, strictly business
So If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch
If you wonder why we call you bitch
You wonder why we call you bitch

2Pac Lyrics

"When We Ride"

(feat. Nancy Fletcher, Mo Khomeini, ilOutlawz)

[2Pac:]

Outlaw Immortalz
Bow down to somethin' greater than yourself, trick
Individuals capable of enormous amounts of chin checks and eye swolls
They know you watchin'
But you ain't seein' what lies before you, biatch
Picture if you will seven deadly human beings
Blessed with the gift of speech
The power to reach
Each nigga on every street
May the heavenly father look down and be proud of what transpired
Since the day the seed was planted
The G grew but we knew he'd rise up quick
Smoked out, loc'ed out, all into shit
Just me and my dogs, livin' like hogs
Outlaw Immortalz
What follows is the story, what proceeded was the glue
What lies between is the fiction
Don't fuck around and make it true

[*laughing*]

My adversaries crumble when we rumble it's a catastrophe
Out for revenge on bitch niggas that blasted me
Plus my alias is Makaveli
A loaded three-fifty-seven with hollow points to a nigga belly
Bust him to see if he bleed
He shoulda never fucked around with a sick-ass nigga like me
They call my name out and niggas run
Best be prepared for the Outlawz, here we come

[Hussein Fatal:]

They call me Hussein Fatal, it's a two game table
I'm robbin' ya niggas' cradle with a knife in your navel
Rap-related, criminally activated and evil
I wouldn't wanna be you behind my fuckin' Desert Eagle
'Til the end, I'm tellin' all friends and enemies
You see what I got to make you freeze, to touch me you need ten of these
Complete most, wanted on the streets of the East coast
Young Gunz fire and niggas bleed, I see Mo

[Kastro:]

I be shinin' like white diamonds and crystal
Glistenin' holdin' pistols
The mission's simple, fold up and roll up dead presidentials
Sew up all the potential, million, billion dollar baller potential
Sort it, oughta call on a nigga I'll be sure to get you
Take cash bro, fast yo, for my Kastro
Blast and I'mma last yo past all these Glass Joes
And assholes who claim, like they be runnin' thangs

I be gunnin' those same niggas runnin' late, to their fate

[Napoleon:]

My alias is motherfuckin' Na-poleon, and I'd rather be
Robbin' again before these motherfuckers leave me sufferin'
But it ain't nothin', and I got no time for no bluffin'
Befo' a nigga finish with puttin' in work I betta end up with somethin'
I think these niggas got the game fucked up
If they don't believe, that a young nigga like me, would bust (Boo-Yaa!)
Perhaps it's a must, I'm facin' cases, fuck probation
Is what I'm screamin' when these money hungry cops be chasin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

[Mussolini:]

It's the imperial serial killer, alias Mussolini
Mentally unstable G status, so you can't see me
Drug warlord, ridin' Concorde jets
Rag Vette's, shakin' bitches and snitches and trippin' on sets
Inglewoods banger, keepin' one in the chamber
For the anger that I build inside, when it's time to ride
Suicidal thoughts lurk fuckin' no end to revenge
Fuck any, my alias Mussolini

[E.D.I.:]

They call me Idi, from the side of seedy
Young nigga greedy, so I'm runnin' up on these niggas easy
It ain't nuttin', cause if they wantin' somethin', so I'mma commence
To dumpin' stomp down and struck up while my beat is bumpin', Thuggin'
To my fuckin' last note, with Lo-Pole and Kastro
Who you thought was on that asshole, don't ask though
Outlaw Immortalz doin' this dit-nirt on the sli-zow
Ain't no chance to hide when we ride

[Kadafi:]

My alias Khadafi, Trump tight so feds can't copy
Six-three and cocky quick to hit your bitch if she jock me
Severely addicted to livin' like a fuckin' felon
While beefin' with rookie cops the cookie rocks a nigga sellin'
Since a shorty I been livin' life defiant, nickel plated chrome
Got this baby Capone lookin' like a giant, and I ain't lyin'
It's like it's me against myself with all these
Backstabbin' snakes grabbin' at my fuckin' wealth

[Mo Khomeini:]

Mo Khomeini goes terrorist, mad man killer
The bottom of the river where the body lays and shivers
I'm that nigga with the fifty cap pouch, with the murderous stacks
That increase, while these motherfuckers eat beef
It's been a long road, a lot of episodes
And as the glock loads, I gotta teach hoes
Reach hoes, make 'em feel a nigga when I'm mashin'

Now I'm surpassin' any assassin'

[2Pac:]

Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride
Thug nigga 'til we die
No mercy on these playa hatin' bitches, ask me why - when we ride

Hahahaha, Outlaw Immortalz baby
Y'all niggas can't fade this ol crazy shit (can't c me, can't c me)
Makaveli, Hussein, Castro, Kadafi, Mussolini
Amin, Napoleon, Khomein
What y'all really wanna do?
Haha, like them niggas said
"What would you do? If you could fuck with me and my crew"
Hehahahahaha, Thug Life, yeah nigga
Flashin on niggas
Thug Life right? This year we Thug Life
But we Outlaw Immortalz
We die nigga, but we multiply, we like legends nigga, like forever
Like I'll make you famous motherfucker
I'm talkin about Newsweek and Time Magazine and all that ol good shit
My niggas make the papers baby
My niggas make the front page
The gunshots can't stop me, they know [**fades**]

Writer(s): Tupac Shakur, Yafeu Fula, Tyruss Himes, Bruce Washington, Mark Jordan

2Pac Lyrics

"Thug Passion"

(feat. Dramacydal, Storm, Jewell)

Aight, new drink
One part Alizé, one part Cristal
Thug passion, baby
y'all know what time it is
This drink is Guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard
Now, if you with me
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, knowwhatimean?
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcohols - alcoholics
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs
So come and get some of this thug passion, baby

[Kastro:]

Mayne! I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant
But I'm a straight soldier, I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent
Trippin' over dead presidents
they got these derelicts
I throw was down with this business, tryin' to clown and get a cent
And so rather, than stand forever
Been thinkin' drinkin' over a felony
And hell of me
And how it will be in hella shit, people tellin' me to cool out
But they ain't feelin' me, a motherfuckin' fool, about
My fuckin' cheddar cheese
and it pleases, passion of mine
Thuggin', huggin' plenty of G's and laughin' while I pass through times
And all these bastards be watchin' just keep it plain
I'ma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game
I can, pinkle with the rain twinklin'
Diamonds and things go blinkin'
Enough to hold me, 'til I'm, old and wrinklin'
and These adversaries
They gonna have to be worryin'
Cause I'ma be illin', fulfillin' my passion
'Til I'm buryin' my thug passion

[Jewell:]

I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
from the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

[Napoleon:]

Now what if me
Turn this Hennessy into a robbery
The Prophecy probably suddenly switch and how it supposed to be
And Dirty money
Can't be evil cause it's fillin' up my tummy

Born in a position, death collision was futuristic
Twistin' riches, but there is only one way to make more
So I'm standin' on the corner tryin' to hustle in the snow
And my bigger bro, couldn't know
But buy a .44, blastin' at playa haters wantin' more
with a Thug Passion

[E.D.I. Mean:]

Puttin' down mashin', control by this thug's passion
Unlike them other bustas pistol blastin'
I'm askin', what happened
To the niggas who kept it real like they claim to
That's what money and fame do, see they ain't true
Travelin' this road my poor soul has been consolidated
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated
How I made it, can be easily stated
It's like my hardest bring the grip with the passion, left me to fuckin' greatest
Load up and take shit

[Yaki Kadafi:]

Make it to some high dollar gangsta shit
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to split

[Storm:]

Creep with me, through that immortal flow
Thug passion got you tremblin' like Death on the Row
Make your move, so I can throw your mind a curve
While I'll be blowin' up the scene, like my nigga Mr. Herb
Take a toke, as your heart goes full arrest
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest
You need a dub to get you flowin'
and let that loc see smoke
Feelin' the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slow

[Jewell:]

I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

They say money don't make the man
But damn, I'm makin' money
Observin' you motherfuckers, 'cause some of you bitches funny
Say you want it but you bullshittin'
Lickin' them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick
Sippin' on some Alizé and Cristal, meanwhile
Buy me a drink and get to winkin' at me, she smiles; a niggas full of passion
Satisfaction is everlastin'
"How does it feel?" what I'm askin'
While I'm rubbin' on that ass "Why you laughin'?"
see, I'm diggin' as if I'm curious
full blown and furious
Baby, get a grip, when I be doin' this
It's so physical my attraction

Driven by alcohol, beware of my reaction
baby I'm born to ball
thugged out on Death Row
You better recognize and picture what I said so
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion
Forever blatin', bitches ain't ready for this thug passion

[Jewell (DJ Quik):]
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
(Thug passion)
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
(Thug passion)
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!
I heard it's the bomb
And you got it goin' on
Give me some of your thug passion, baby
You got me drippin' wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your thug passion, baby ohhhwow!

Thanks to schonky, mzhoney for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Troutman Roger, Murdock Shirley J, Troutman Larry, Beale Mutah (pka Napoleon), Caples Jewel Lynne, Cox Kotari (pka Kastro), Greenridge Malcolm (pka E.d.i. Mean), Hunter Donna T, Jackson John C

2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)
My niggas look mad
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'
Don't want to be another number
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under
The federales wanna see me dead
Niggas put prices on my head
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead
Now I'm released, how will I live?
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive
When niggas shootin' at your crib
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands
Just picture me rollin'
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Ooh wee
(Can you see me now?)
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture
Can you see it?
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Yeah nigga!
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you
Guess who's back?)

[Big Syke:]

I got ki's comin' from overseas

Cost a nigga 200 G's
I'm a street commando, Nino for example
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player
Thug, branded to be a women-layer
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'
Make me wanna start back bangin'
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies
While I'm sippin' on Rémy
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on
You can admire, but don't look too long
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'
It's hard to imagine
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy:]

Picture me rollin'
Picture, picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'
Picture me

[CPO (2Pac):]

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)
(This how we do it every weekend)
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga
Picture us rollin'

[Danny Boy:]

Picture me rollin'
Picture me
Picture me rollin'
Picture me rollin'

[2Pac:]

Is y'all ready for me?
Picture me rollin" roll call
You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about
I wanna make sure they can see me
Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities
All you bitch ass C.O.'s
Can you niggas see me from there?
Ballin' on y'all punk ass!
Picture me rollin', baby
Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks
I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on
That's right nigga, picture me rollin'
Oh, I forgot! The D.A
Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court
Can the hoe see me from here?
Can you see me, hoe?
Picture me rollin'
And all you punk police, can you see me?
Am I clear to you?
Picture me rollin' nigga, legit
Free like O.J. all day
You can't stop me
You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker
Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme
It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?
Can you see me hoe?
Is y'all ready for me?
We up out this bitch
Any time y'all wanna see me again
Rewind this track right here, close your eyes
And picture me rollin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Bell Ronald N, Westfield Richard Allen, Brown George Melvin, Thomas Dennis Ronald, Bell Robert Earl, Mickens Robert Spike, Smith Claydes Eugene, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Nash Otha, Edwards Vince

2Pac Lyrics

"Check Out Time"

(feat. Natasha Walker, Kurupt, Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Ay what time is it nigga?
("I don't know.")
Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here
("Hell yeah.")
Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room
("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")
Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs
("Where K and them niggas at man?")
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around
("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or y'all flyin' back, whassup?
("Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit.")
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool
("Fuck that, I lost some money, nigga.")
Aw nigga, damn

[2Pac:]

Now I'm up early in the mornin', breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night, that tried to rape us
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us
Last night was like a fantasy, Alizé and Hennessy
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and me
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter, just don't bite it
I never got to check out the scene
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[2Pac:]

Gotta go, gotta go
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time!
Gotta go nigga, gotta go
("Y'all know what time it is!")
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man, call that valet motherfucker
Tell him to get a nigga shit, cause we out this, motherfucker

[Kurupt:]

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the party raid
My fantasies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escapade
But did it all, end too soon
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room
So I assume, since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's trump tight
So I find time to recline
Sneak in your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds
I ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night
I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Kurupt:]

Aiyyo man 'Pac, ay, where the where the fuck is Daz at man?
This nigga locked up or somethin'?
The only one not to leave
Yo man, it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother
(You seem them bitches?)
We out man, fuck that shit
Yo Rece! Yo nigga, whassup?

[Big Syke:]

Hey, I'm livin' the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later
My behavior is crazy from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me
I'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed
Carressin' your thoughts, cause I'm livin' fed, heard what I said?
Passion is crashin' the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom
I'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight
Out of sight from 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close, you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation
It's check out time

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

[Big Syke:]

Ay, it's check out time
Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin', where my shoes go, nigga?
Where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?
Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much
What the fuck y'all doin', nigga?
Kurupt, go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas
C'mon man, niggas is trippin' man
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred

[Natasha Walker:]

We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!
We gotta go, we gotta go!

We gotta go! Oooo!
We gotta, go!
We, hey!
We! We gotta go! Haaa!
We gotta, go! Haa!

Thanks to Darryle for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Brown Ricardo Emmanuel, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald

2Pac Lyrics

"Ratha Be Ya Nigga"

(feat. Richie Rich, Stacey Smallie)

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]

'Pac

(Hey)

What's happening

(Not motherfucking double R, Richie baby)

What's happening baby, you know how we do it

(Yeah nigga, you know I'm up out this bitch)

(It's time for me to uh regulate)

Fo' sho', hey

(Observe)

And you ain't going back?

(Nah nah nah, we got to show these motherfuckers whassup though)

This is for the honeys, the superstar

(I don't want to be her man, I want to be her nigga)

(You feel me?)

Well let 'em know

[2Pac:]

You fucking with niggas that's insecure

Watered down, my shit is pure

Write down my number but don't call me 'til you sure

I ain't begging just trying to relocate between your legs

Dripping wet, as we experiment in sweaty sex

When you met me you wouldn't let me, and now

You straight begging to sex me got you undressing to test me and uh.

[Richie Rich:]

Shut me down if you want, and miss the chance to do it live

When I stroll by, I see that look in yo' eye

You want a nigga, but think that you can't have a nigga

Don't cheat yourself, instead treat yourself

If you scared, go to church, I know it hurts

To find out me and your man be sharing skirts

[2Pac:]

I'm hoping you don't take this the wrong way

But your body is banging, got me attracted in a strong way

After a long day of trying to make my songs pay

Making love all day against the wall in the hallway

Your fantasies come alive, your heart rate

Shall increase when we meet up in this dark place

You might think you're happy with him

But that's a lie, so give this Thug a try

I'd rather be ya nigga

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A

So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day

It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a Thug in your life

These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
(Cause) These busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]

Look, now you was sprung from the introduction
My conversation's full of game yet laced with seductions
I see you blushing like you want something, come get a taste
Of Amerikaz Most Wanted and let's get into some touching, erotic fuckin'
My up and down with no interruptions
Have no intentions of busting until you learn your lesson
Now many questions are often asked, a drop top, 500 Benz
And plenty cash, to help a nigga get the ass

[Richie Rich:]

You can ride out with spoke coke, to get your lobster and crab
Cause all I got is conversation and a gang of stab
And I'ma listen when it hurts, I'ma hang out but never stay
Smoke blunts but leave them stunts up to Super Dave
I'll be your nigga, as long as we can understand
That I's the nigga and spoke coke can be the man
He wine and dine, but me and you we whine and grind
And when I'm on the field keep you on the sidelines

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
Them busters ain't loving you right

[2Pac:]

Now it's time for the moment of truth, I got you naked
Totally sweating, let's see how hot I can make it
Tongue kissing 'til yo' head swang
I'm so into you, witness a nigga make the bed bang
If it's all mine, then let me know
Now scream my name out; do you want it fast or shall I hit it slow?
Not to mention, the multiple positions I inflict
A boss player, freaky motherfucker, can I dig?

[Richie Rich (2Pac):]

It's on and popping, now you see what I was seeing
Why your eyes rolling? Loosen up, girl, I ain't going
Nowhere, let's let that sucker stay out there
While he's stressed out and knock I stretch out the cock
Hold the boots, and let a nigga execute
And though you got it right, I'm going home tonight
(You say you don't need a man, but I don't care)
(You're in the presence of a player, I'd rather be ya nigga)

[2Pac:]

I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
So I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
So we can get drunk and smoke weed all day
It don't matter if you lonely baby, you need a thug in your life
These busters ain't loving you right
I'd rather be ya N-I-G-G-A
(I'd rather be yo' nigga)

Thanks to Wojtek Niestrój, nottinmatterz_2day for correcting these lyrics.

2Pac Lyrics

"All Eyez On Me"

(feat. Big Syke)

[2Pac:]

Big Syke, Newt, Hank
Beugard, Big Sur
Y'all know how this shit go
All eyes on me
Motherfuckin' O.G
Roll up in the club and shit, is that right
All eyes on me
All eyes on me
But you know what?

[2Pac:]

I bet you got it twisted you don't know who to trust
So many playa hatin' niggas tryin' to sound like us
Say they ready for the funk, but I don't think they knowin'
Straight to the depths of hell is where those cowards goin'
Well are you still down nigga, holla when you see me
And let these devils be sorry for the day they finally freed me
I got a caravan of niggas every time we ride
Hittin' motherfuckers up when we pass by
Until I die; live the life of a boss playa
Cause even when I'm high, fuck with me and get crossed later
The futures in my eyes, cause all I want is cash and thangs
A five-double-oh Benz flauntin' flashy rings, uh
Bitches pursue me like a dream
Been know to disappear before your eyes just like a dope fiend
It seems, my main thing was to be major paid
The game sharper than a motherfuckin' razor blade
Say money bring bitches, bitches bring lies
One nigga's gettin' jealous, and motherfuckers die
Depend on me like the first and fifteenth
They might hold me for a second, but these punks won't get me
We got four niggas, in low riders, and ski masks
Screamin' THUG LIFE every time they pass - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa, cause even gettin' high

[Big Syke:]

Hey, to my nigga 'Pac
So much trouble in the world, nigga
Can nobody feel your pain
The world's changin' everyday, time's movin' fast
My girl said I need a raise, how long will she last
I'm caught between my woman, and my pistol, and my chips

Triple beam, got some smokers on, whistle as I dip
I'm lost in the land with no plan, livin' life flawless
Crime boss, contraband, let me toss this
Needy hookers got a lot of nerve, let my bucket swerve
I'm takin' off from the curb
The nervousness neglect make me pack a tech
Devoted to servin' this, Moet and pay checks
Like Akai satellite nigga I'm forever ballin'
It ain't right parasites triggers and fleas crawlin'
Sucker duck and get busted, no emotion
My devotion is handlin' my business, nigga, keep on coastin'
Where you goin' I been there, came back as lonely homie
Steady flowin' against the grain, niggas still don't know me
It's about the money in this rap shit, this crap shit
It ain't funny niggas don't even know how to act, shit
What can I do, what can I say, is there another way
Blunts and gin all day, twenty-fo' parlay
My little homie G, can't you see, I'm busta-free
Niggas can't stand me - all eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

[2Pac:]

The feds is watchin', niggas plottin' to get me
Will I survive, will I die, come on let's picture the possibility
Givin' me charges, lawyers makin' a grip
I told the judge I was raised wrong, and that's why I blaze shit
Was hyper as a kid, cold as a teenager
On my mobile callin' big shots on the scene major
Packin' hundreds in my drawers; fuck the law
Bitches I fuck with a passion, I'm livin' rough and raw
Catchin' cases at a fast rate, ballin' in the fast lane
Hustle 'til the mornin', never stopped until the cash came
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
These niggas got me tossin' shit
I put the top down, now it's time to floss my shit
Keep your head up, nigga, make these motherfuckers suffer
Up in the Benz, burnin' rubber
The money is mandatory, the hoes is for the stress
This criminal lifestyle, equipped with the bulletproof vest
Make sure your eyes is on the mill ticket
Get your money, motherfucker, let's get rich and we'll kick it
All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high
All eyes on me
Live the life of a thug nigga, until the day I die
Live the life of a boss playa (All eyes on me), cause even gettin' high

All eyes on me

[2Pac:]

Pay attention my niggas
See how that shit go
Nigga, walk up in this, motherfucker
And it be like, bing
Cops, bitches, everymotherfuckingbody
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I got bustas, hoes and police watchin' a nigga, y'know
I live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Livin' life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
Hehehe... it's like what they think
I'm walkin' around with some Ki's in my pocket or somethin'
They think I'm goin' back to jail, they really on that dope
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa
I know y'all watchin', I know y'all got me in the scopes
Live my life as a thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as a boss playa, cause even gettin' high
I know y'all know this is Thug Life baayy-bay
Y'all got me under surveillance, huh
All eyes on me, but I'm knowin'

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee, Himes Tyruss Gerald, Pennington James P

2Pac Lyrics

"Run Tha Streetz"

(feat. Mutah, Storm, Michel'le)

[Michel'le:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]

Hey yo, Storm, honestly I think
I can fuck with a motherfucker like you
See, I don't like a motherfucker that be all on me and shit
All up under a nigga, tellin' me where I can go
Can she go with me? When I'm comin' home?
And all that ol' crazy shit, type of life I live

Now peep it, here go the secret on how to keep a playa
Some love makin' and homecookin', I'll see you later
It don't take a lot to keep a nigga heart
Must be a lady in the light but real freaky in the dark
Plus I got some enemies, baby, hold my pistol
And wrap your arms around a nigga every time I kiss you
Can you visualize the picture: me and you in ecstasy?
Don't be upset, it's good sex, when you next to me
Do you wanna test me, put your tired head on my chest?
A thug nigga's in the house, now you can rest
I bet'cha never screamed a nigga's whole name out
And felt the pleasure and the pain
'Bout to fuck the very taste out your mouth
You can call me when you need me
1-800-SKYPAGE, when you wanna see me
'Cause I can be your man and, baby, you can be my lady
But you gotta give a nigga space or you'll drive me crazy
Run the streets

[Michel'le:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[Storm:]

Yo 'Pac, you know I'm 16 strong behind you boo
But I gotta do what I gotta do
I gotta run the streets, you know
I ain't no "clean up woman" type of ho
You know

Now me and you is cool, but I ain't the one to play the fool
Can't make no money in bed, so ain't no future fuckin' you
I ain't the bitch that love ya, can't do a damn thang for you
If you ain't about money, nine outta ten I'll ignore you
It's a man's world, but real women make the shit go 'round
Disrespect and I clown the type of bitch to throw down
Throw up the block 'cause nothin' stops my chips
A boss playa with this, that twist you lame tricks
Holla if you understand my plan, ladies, fuck havin' babies
By them shady-ass niggas, swearin' he can save me
My strategy's official, checkin' ya pockets while I tongue kiss you
Soft as tissue, so my next issue is how to diss you
They call me Storm, from the day I was born
I've been known to break the coldest mothafucka 'til his heart's warm
I ain't never been the type to wait at home alone
Just 'cause we bone don't mean you own me, nigga, I'm grown

[Michelle:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

[2Pac:]

Hahhahaha, yeah nigga
Let a nigga hang out with the homies, you know, baby
Ay, a nigga that hang out more will come home and love you better—you feel me, sweetheart? Let that nigga be
free!
Don't have that nigga all up under you!
Let him run with his niggas!
Let the nigga run the street, boo, let him run the streets!

[Mutah:]

I'd rather run the streets then make some mail
And put the game down tight
For these gamin' bitches could get it right
It might be yo' plan that I'm choosin'
Don't get it confusion
Because I'm known for showin' examples how I do it
Thinkin' I'm new to this because I'm younger
Why only leave you suspicious and I wonder
And at the end I'll make a come up
Nigga, was raised up off of M.O.B
Fetti over somethin' that's tellin' me don't run the streets

[2Pac:]

So tell me, am I wrong
For tryin' to communicate through a song?
I'm up early in the morning, by sunrise I'll be gone
All my homies is waitin' for me
Plottin' on plans that we made and all the fun that it's gonna be
So meet me at 3' and don't be late, nigga
We hangin' out all night while drinkin' straight liquor

I heard it's poppin' at a club
But they say I can't get in 'cause I'm dressed like a thug
Until I die I'll be gang related
Got me strivin' for a million, stayin' motivated
Now that we made it, it's a battle just for the big money
I'm livin' wild, no smiles, 'cause ain't a thing funny
I came up hungry, just a lil nigga tryna make it
I only got one chance so I gotta take it
You never know when it's all gonna happen
The rappin' or the drugs
But until then give me love and let me run the streets

[Michel'le:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be be waitin'

[2Pac:]

Let a nigga run the streets, boo
Page me, hahah, I'll call you back
Just let me hang with my niggas
Why you actin' like that Michel'le, ha?
You know nigga wanna kick it with his homeboys and shit
I told you I was comin' back later on, right?
So you don't believe a nigga?
Just cook for a nigga, pleaaase!
Make some of that shit you made last meal
Some of them ribs and shit
I'll be back through later tonight, I'm havin' some weed
We finna drink some Hennessy and some Alize
We finna eat that foods, smoke a lil blunt
Lay up in the bed, watch umm... Jay Leno or somethin'
Then after that? Shit, we could do whatever comes to mind, baby
Just let a nigga run with the homies
Let me go kick it with my niggas
When I come back, I be all yours, for real

[Michel'le:]

You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'
You can run the streets with your thugs
I'll be waitin' for you
Until you get through, I'll be waitin'

2Pac Lyrics

"Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich, E-40)

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

(They say)

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

(That's right, that's right boy, start that shit off)

[2Pac:]

I heard a rumor I died, murdered in cold blood dramatized

Pictures of me in my final stage, you know mama cried

But that was fiction, some coward got the story twisted

Like I no longer existed, mysteriously missin'

Although I'm worldwide, baby I ain't hard to find

Where I spend most of my time, my California grind

Watchin' for thievin', I'm cautious, it's like I'm barely breathin'

Puttin' a bullet in motherfuckers, give me a reason

See me and hope I'm intoxicated or slightly faded

You tried to play me, now homicide is my only payment

I'm addicted to currency in this life I lead

Why the fuck you cowards be runnin', too scared to fight a G?

For the life of me, I cannot see

How motherfuckers picture livin' life after a night of fuckin' around with me

And if you don't like this rhyme

Then bring your big bad ass to California, 'cause we ain't hard to find

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'

Where I can pile up my chips

And niggas call me a timer

(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')

Motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[C-Bo:]

I got my locs on, hard hat, goin' to war

Breakin' them off on sight, stoppin' lives like red lights

Watch 'em pause as I pull my strap out my drawers

And get to dumpin' on they ass like the last outlaw

Rich, 2Pac and The Click, smokin' blunts, loadin' clips

With enough shit to raise your block in one dip

We bring on horror like Tales From the Crypt

And we ain't hard to find is the tales that we kick

[B-Legit:]

I'm fully automatic, full of static and shit

Movin' Dodge van, fifty rounds in the clip

I'm ridin' shotgun with the tint in the back

I'm plan to have a motherfuckin' mint in this rap

I'm from the V-A-L-L-E-J-O
Where sellin' narcotics is all I know
I got blow, speed, and weed, whatever yo' kind
And if you need a motherfucker, I ain't hard to find

[D-Shot:]

Some may call me bootsy, but I call it timin'
That's while I keeps on grindin' (that's right)
to the point where a nigga can't stop
Too much feelin' this shit, that's why I'm quick to peel a bitch
Whether it's a nigga or a ho, a ho
get in my way, then that ass gots to go
'Cause a nigga steady plottin'
I serves hit for hit, and motherfuckers keep droppin'

[B-Legit, C-Bo, Richie Rich (2Pac), E-40:]

Influenced by crime, addicted to grindin'
Where I can pile up my chips
And niggas call me a timer
(I been ballin' since my adolescent years steady climbin')
Man, you motherfuckers don't know nuttin' about no timin'

[(2Pac), E-40:]

(C-Bo, D-Shot, E-40, Richie Rich)
Da Bay, beitch!

[E-40:]

Down the steps
Abandoned broken down apartment complex
Heavy metal weapons they carry, can't be scary
Playboy, what the fuck is a proof without the trauma plate?
Nigga, what the fuck you got a gun for if you gon' hesitate?
Best shake and bake all those I-was-first-to-ask niggas
Motherfuckers-didn't-think-I was-gon'-do-somethin'-ass niggas
Threaten your life, ain't like you love him
Bury your thoughts, take his head fuck him, have at him

[Richie Rich:]

(Check this out)
I grew up with that nigga
Threw up with that nigga
I hear he tryin' to ride
Double agent for the other side
But now, my Glock be so judgmental
Back seat of a rental
Keep my name out your dental, nigga
If your gum bleedin' and you needin'
More than twenty stitches, you behaved like them bitches
Sideways to the next
Heavy in the game
Check the resident, it's all the same
Nigga, and we ain't hard to find

[Ad-libs — 2Pac, C-BO & E-40:]

[2Pac:] Hell nah we ain't hard to find

[C-Bo:] The whole Clickalation fool

[E-40:] Motherfuckers hard to find, right here bitch
[2Pac:] Why them niggas actin' like they can't find us? Like they can't see us and like we don't be at the same
spots they be at?
[D-Shot:] It's the same congregation. Young Pac is back, youknowhatlmean?
[C-Bo:] Nigga be lookin' all the way when he see you and shit
[D-Shot:] It's a celebration
[E-40:] Motherfuckers better understand this shit
[D-Shot:] Young 'Pac is back
[2Pac:] Ay D-Shot, nigga, can we get paid man?
Can we just go there and sock this shit up, please?
[D-Shot:] Hey, we smokin', and we ain't hard to find
[2Pac:] Drinkin' and shit, fuckin' with some Hurricane
[E-40:] A motherfucker's gonna get his marbles regardless, playboy
[2Pac:] You supposed to
[Rich:] Sideways to the next light, and to the next coast, poppin' the muthafuckin' most, you understand what I'm
sayin'
[2Pac:] Money over bitches, nigga, M.O.B., M.O.B.

Thanks to Postmaster for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Stevens Earl T, Shaw Thomas, Thomas Ricardo, Mosley Michael, Jones Brent, Stevens Danell

2Pac Lyrics

"Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find"

(feat. Danny Boy Steward)

Heaven ain't hard to find
All you gotta do is look

Simply because you nervous, let me start off with my conversation
Hopin' my information, alleviates the hesitation
I can see it clearly now
Catch you smilin' through your frown
I'm askin' baby boo are you down
Although I know you've heard about my reputation
Across the nation, Mr. I-Get-Around
My temptation got me drippin' wet, perspiration
I'm activated by the moves you're makin'
Baby why you fakin'? Strip naked get to love makin'
See it's all in your mind, so every time I sip a glass of wine
I fantasize 'til that ass is mine
Never gettin' but wantin', never touchin' but wishin'
A straight thug on a mission, until I get what I'm missin'
Stop with the beeper, baby, listen
I know you're grown but pay attention
Let me hypnotize with my tongue kissin'
This is a message to bomb bodies and all dimes
Turn around one more time, heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

Hea-ven!

(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Heaven ain't hard to find

Heaven ain't hard to find
In fact you can have it just have faith
Just like a little kid, still believin' in magic
It takes a lot of sacrifice
With all the lonely nights on tour
I need somebody I can trust in my life
Let me apply the brakes
Baby, you're movin' to fast
My conversations are gettin' deeper, but first let me ask
Are you afraid of a thug?
And have you ever made love
With candles and bubbles sippin' in your tub?
Touch me and let me activate your blood pressure
This thug passion help the average man love better
Picture me naked and glistenin' beneath the moonlight mist
Take a shot of that Alizé, come give me a kiss
And maybe we can be better friends, perhaps we'll be closer
I'll be the thug in your life, baby, and you'll be my soldier
And I know it takes some time and you got a lot of questions on your mind
But relax, in due time
Heaven Ain't Hard to Find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven!
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find

You think we all dogs, that's why you cautious when I approached you
Been talkin' since you arrived, but not a word is spoken
Through my eye contact I wink and you respond back
Lookin' mean, what's all that?
It's like the closer you get
Baby, the quicker I'm speakin'
I got a flight out to Cabo
Let's kick it this weekend
I'm sippin' Hennessy and Coke
Though addicted to weed smoke
I'm fiendin' for your body even mo'
Oh God, help me, identify me truest thoughts
Your hidden motives full of passion
Who would have thought?
Come holler at me baby, love me for my thug nature
Far from a playa hater, label me a money maker,
Straight heart breaker
Baby we can be friends, I can soup you in my Benz
We'll ride, I'll let you floss it for your friends
Once we begin
Until the end, it gets better with time
I'm makin' love to your mind, baby
Heaven ain't hard to find

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]
Hea-ven! Hea-ven, it ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find)
(Heaven ain't hard to find nice glass of Alize)
Hea-ven! Hea-ven! Hea-ven. Heaven
Hea-ven! It ain't hard to find
Hea-ven! Heaven
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find
It ain't hard to find

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